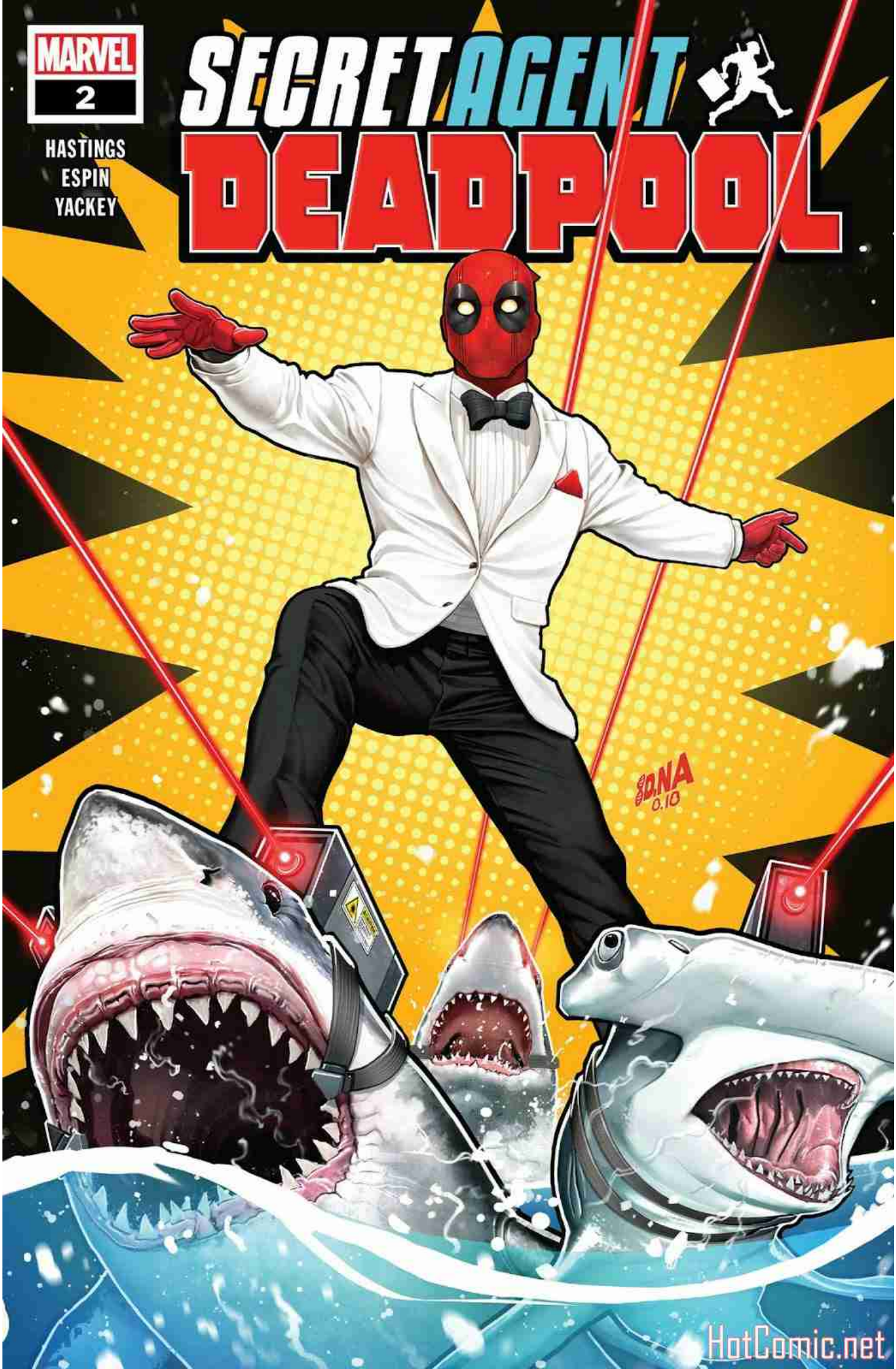

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CLASSIFIED

MISSION #2018002

LAST TIME... Deadpool found himself in a mighty mix-up after inadvertently killing a superspy named Jace Burns in a tremendous explosion.

When the group Burns worked for — The Risk Management Agency — came to retrieve his body, they found the ever-scarred and still breathing Deadpool instead.

Now Wade has no choice but to use their super-cool and lifelike mask technology to keep his identity secret, finish Burns' mission and escape the agency without being detected.

If you have Mexican food that no one else can eat, and IF you can find him, maybe you can hire...

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

PERSONS OF INTEREST...

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artist
SALVA ESPIN

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letterer
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MISSING HORSE

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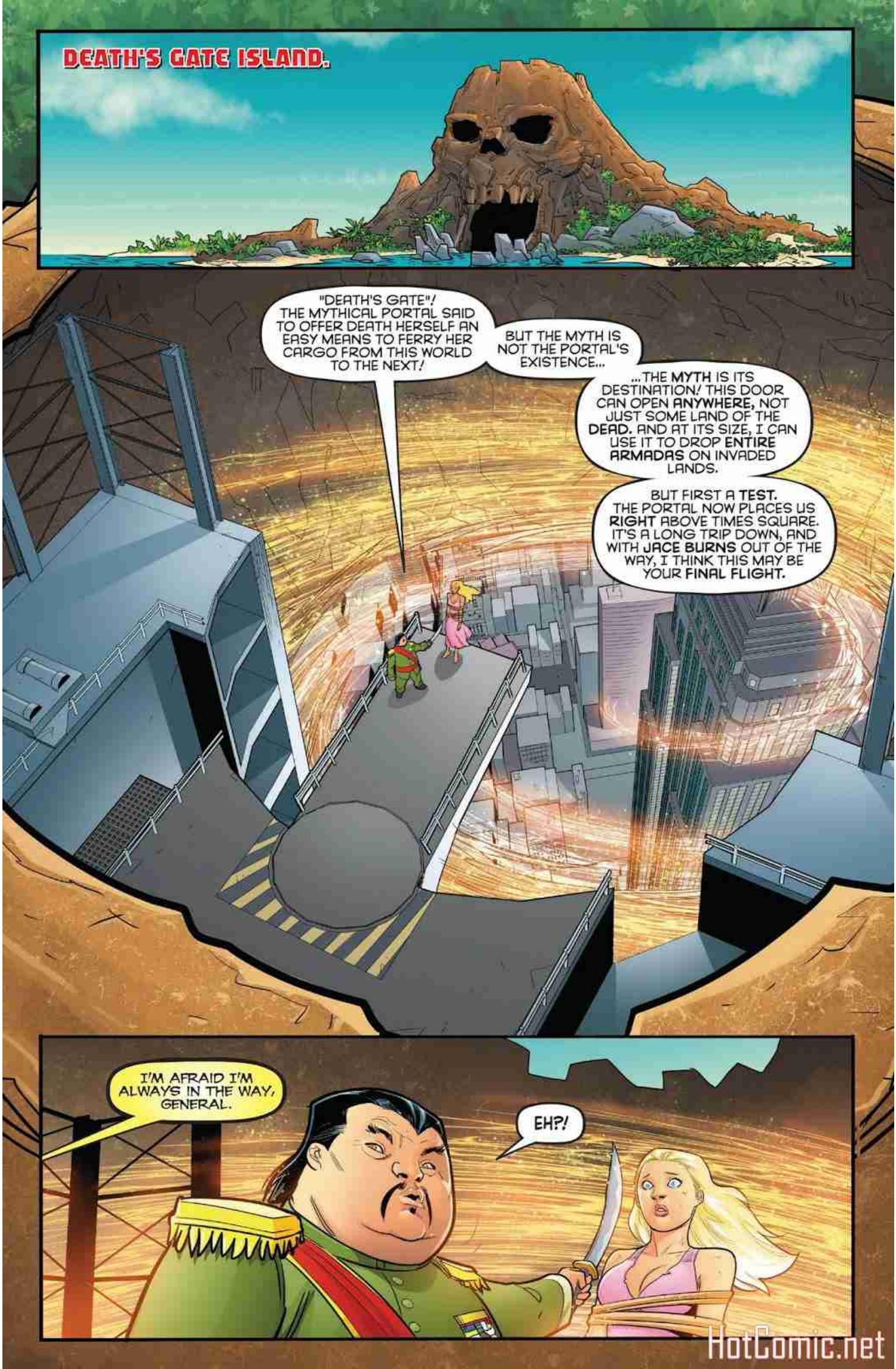
DEATH'S GATE ISLAND.
"DEATH'S GATE"! THE MYTHICAL PORTAL SAID TO OFFER DEATH HERSELF AN EASY MEANS TO FERRY HER CARGO FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT!
BUT THE MYTH IS NOT THE PORTAL'S EXISTENCE...
...THE MYTH IS ITS DESTINATION! THIS DOOR CAN OPEN ANYWHERE, NOT JUST SOME LAND OF THE DEAD. AND AT ITS SIZE, I CAN USE IT TO DROP ENTIRE ARMADAS ON INVADED LANDS.
BUT FIRST A TEST. THE PORTAL NOW PLACES US RIGHT ABOVE TIMES SQUARE. IT'S A LONG TRIP DOWN, AND WITH JACE BURNS OUT OF THE WAY, I THINK THIS MAY BE YOUR FINAL FLIGHT.
I'M AFRAID I'M ALWAYS IN THE WAY, GENERAL.
EH?!
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JACE BURNS, YOU'VE SAVED THE WORLD *AGAIN.*
I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR *SATELLITE-HACKING* AND *UNDERWATER-BOMB-DEFUSING* SKILLS, GOODFACE.

C A S T

JACE BURNS
WADE WILSON

LADY WHO ALMOST DIED
CHRISTINA GOODFACE

OLD GENERAL WHO MISSES A SIMPLER TIME WHEN HIS COUNTRY WAS A TERRIFYING GLOBAL FORCE
CHUL-MU BAK

SECRET AGENCY HEAD WHO RELIES ON BURNS BUT FINDS HIS METHODS FRUSTRATING AND PERHAPS A BIT OUTDATED AND OVERLY BLUNT
REGINALD BLANK

GUY WHO MAKES ALL THE COOL GADGETS THAT BURNS RUIN
IMPOSSI
DESIG
RESIDENC

JACE BURNS WILL RETURN

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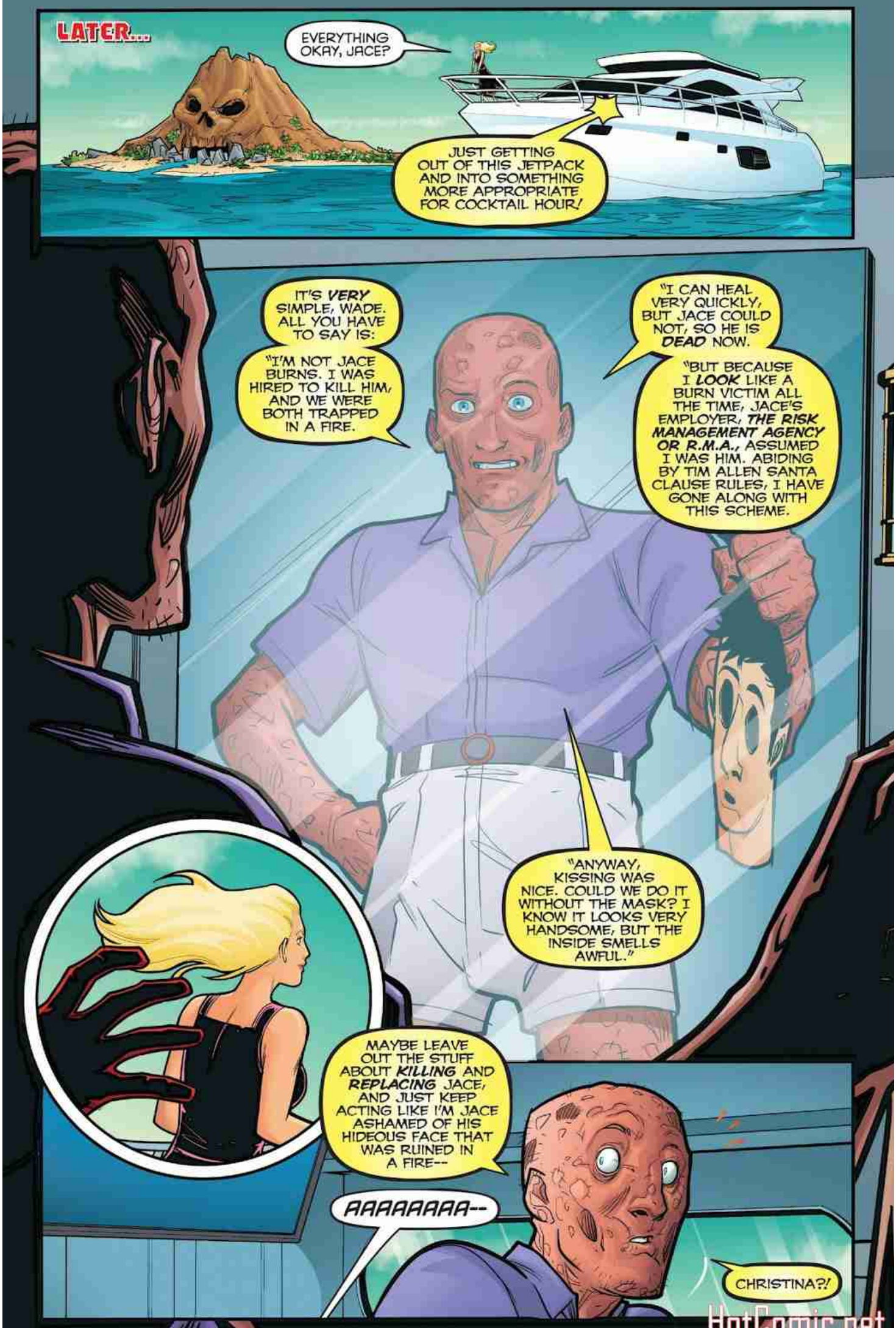
LATER...
EVERYTHING OKAY, JACE?
JUST GETTING OUT OF THIS JETPACK AND INTO SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE FOR COCKTAIL HOUR!
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, WADE. ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS:
"I'M NOT JACE BURNS. I WAS HIRED TO KILL HIM, AND WE WERE BOTH TRAPPED IN A FIRE.
"I CAN HEAL VERY QUICKLY, BUT JACE COULD NOT, SO HE IS DEAD NOW.
"BUT BECAUSE I LOOK LIKE A BURN VICTIM ALL THE TIME, JACE'S EMPLOYER, THE RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY OR R.M.A., ASSUMED I WAS HIM. ABIDING BY TIM ALLEN SANTA CLAUSE RULES, I HAVE GONE ALONG WITH THIS SCHEME.
"ANYWAY, KISSING WAS NICE. COULD WE DO IT WITHOUT THE MASK? I KNOW IT LOOKS VERY HANDSOME, BUT THE INSIDE SMELLS AWFUL."
MAYBE LEAVE OUT THE STUFF ABOUT KILLING AND REPLACING JACE, AND JUST KEEP ACTING LIKE I'M JACE ASHAMED OF HIS HIDEOUS FACE THAT WAS RUINED IN A FIRE--
AAAAAAAA--
CHRISTINA?!
HotComic.net

WADE WILSON is DEADPOOL as JACE BURNS in

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

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IMP? I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE.
VRMMMMM
R.M.A.'S IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE.
OR "IMP".
HELLO, BURNS. I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOUR USUAL POST-MISSION FROLICKING MIGHT WRAP UP.
I TRUST DEATH'S GATE IS SECURED?
NO. SOMEONE BLEW IT UP AND TURNED MY PLUS ONE INTO A STATUE.
OH DEAR.
ALSO...
...MY BOAT'S ABOUT TO CRASH...
VRMMMMM
...AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT BUTTON WILL MAKE IT NOT CRASH.
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BLOOD STASH. GROSS.
IN CASE YOU'RE POISONED OR GRAVELY WOUNDED IN THE FIELD, BURNS.
RIGHT. STILL WOULD LOVE TO KNOW WHAT TO PUSH ON THIS FRANKLY OVERCOMPLICATED BOAT.
YOU DON'T REMEMBER? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT FIRE. I'M CONCERNED WE MAY HAVE JUMPED THE GUN ON PUTTING YOU BACK ON THE JOB.
PERHAPS A MORE THOROUGH EXAMINATION...

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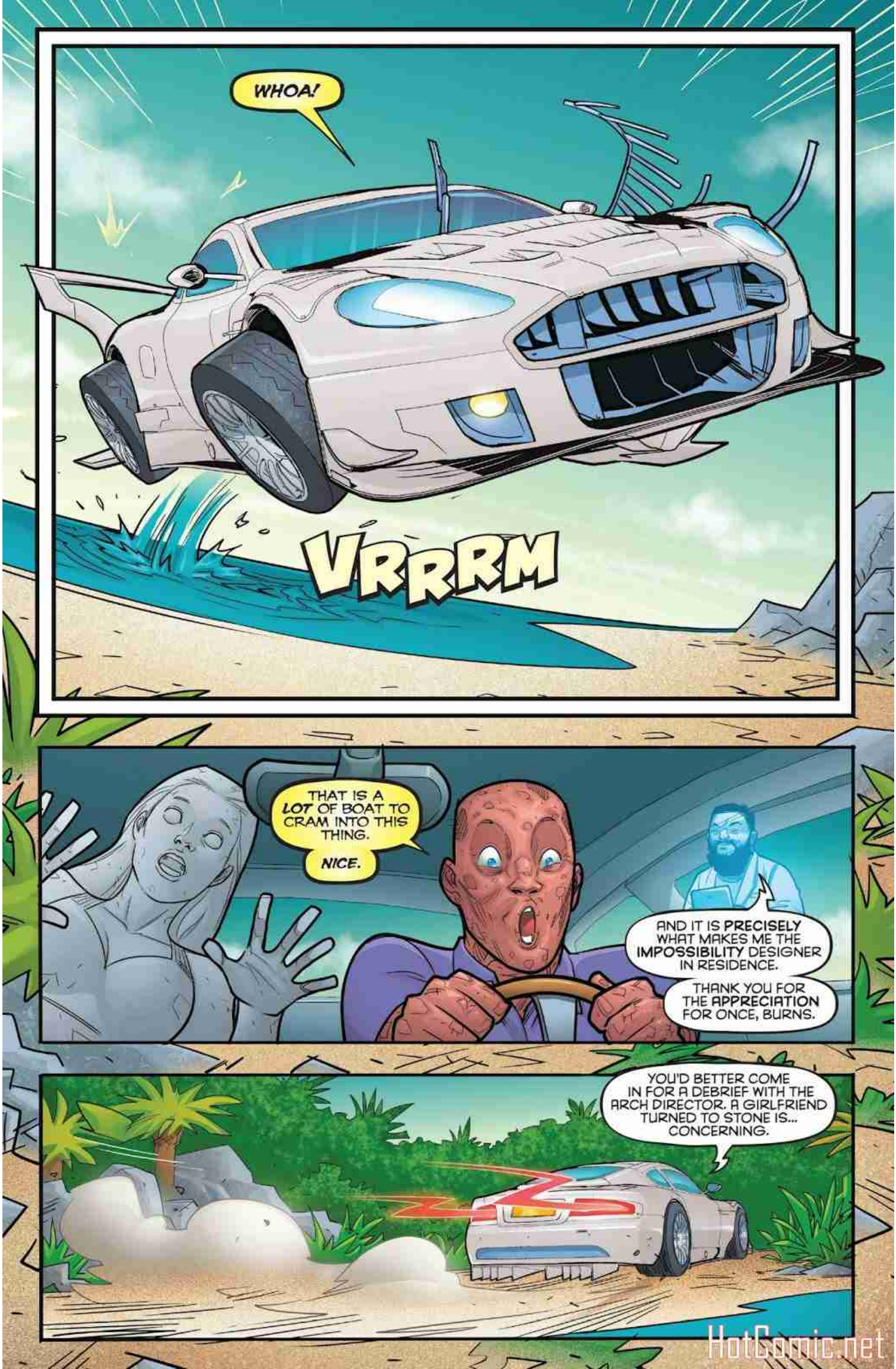
WHOA!
VRRRM
THAT IS A LOT OF BOAT TO CRAM INTO THIS THING.
NICE.
AND IT IS PRECISELY WHAT MAKES ME THE IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE.
THANK YOU FOR THE APPRECIATION FOR ONCE, BURNS.
YOU'D BETTER COME IN FOR A DEBRIEF WITH THE ARCH DIRECTOR. A GIRLFRIEND TURNED TO STONE IS... CONCERNING.
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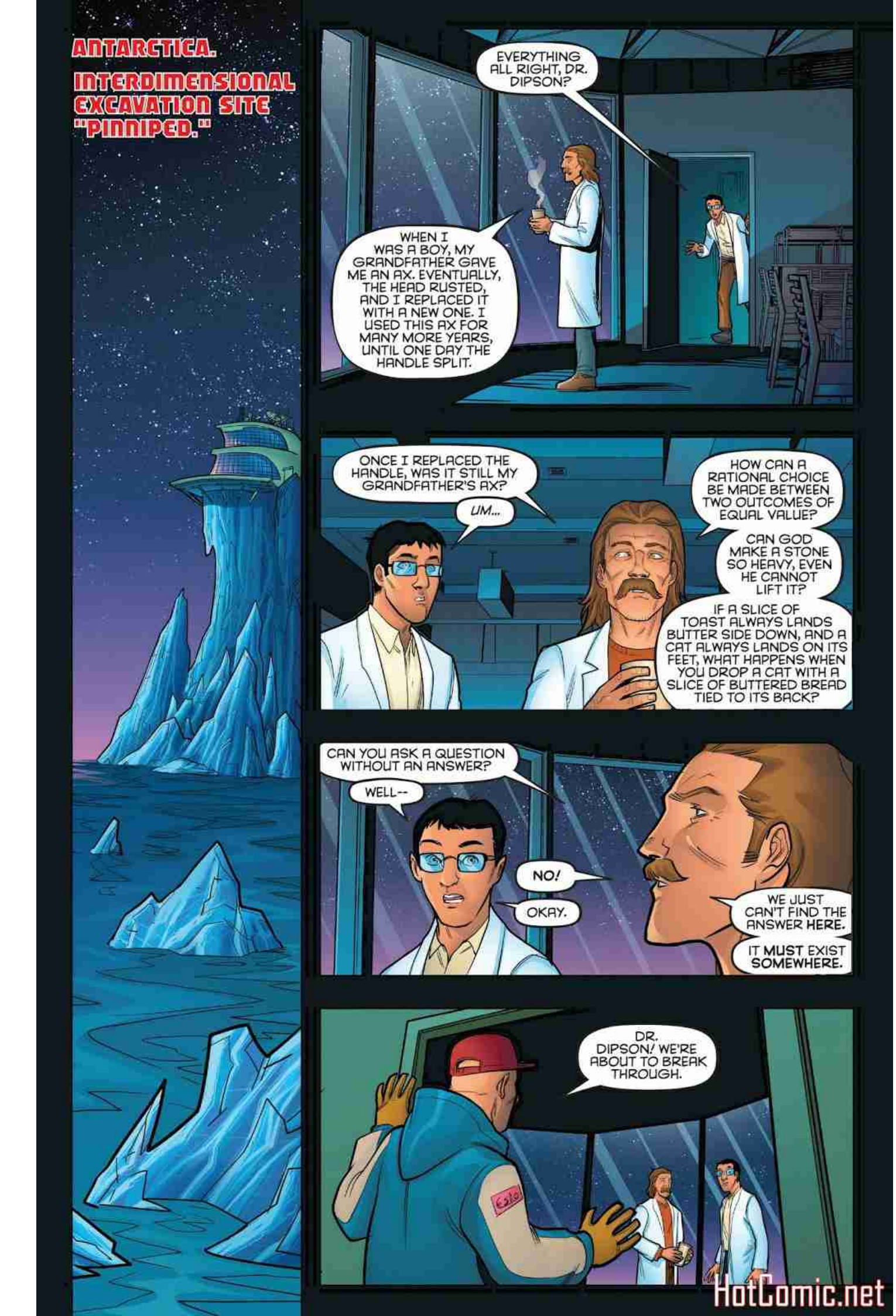
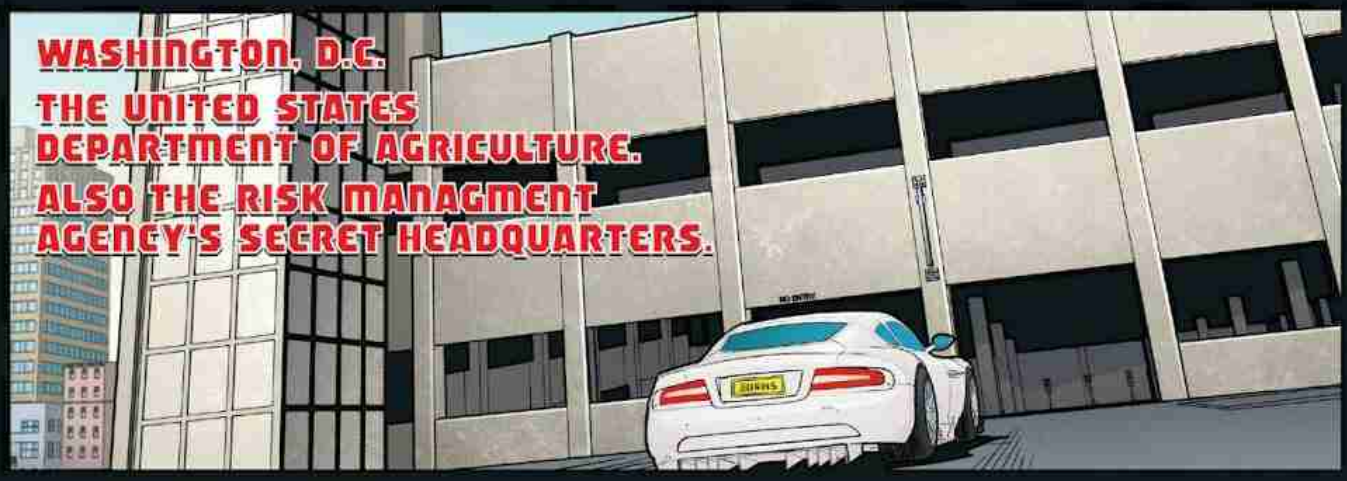
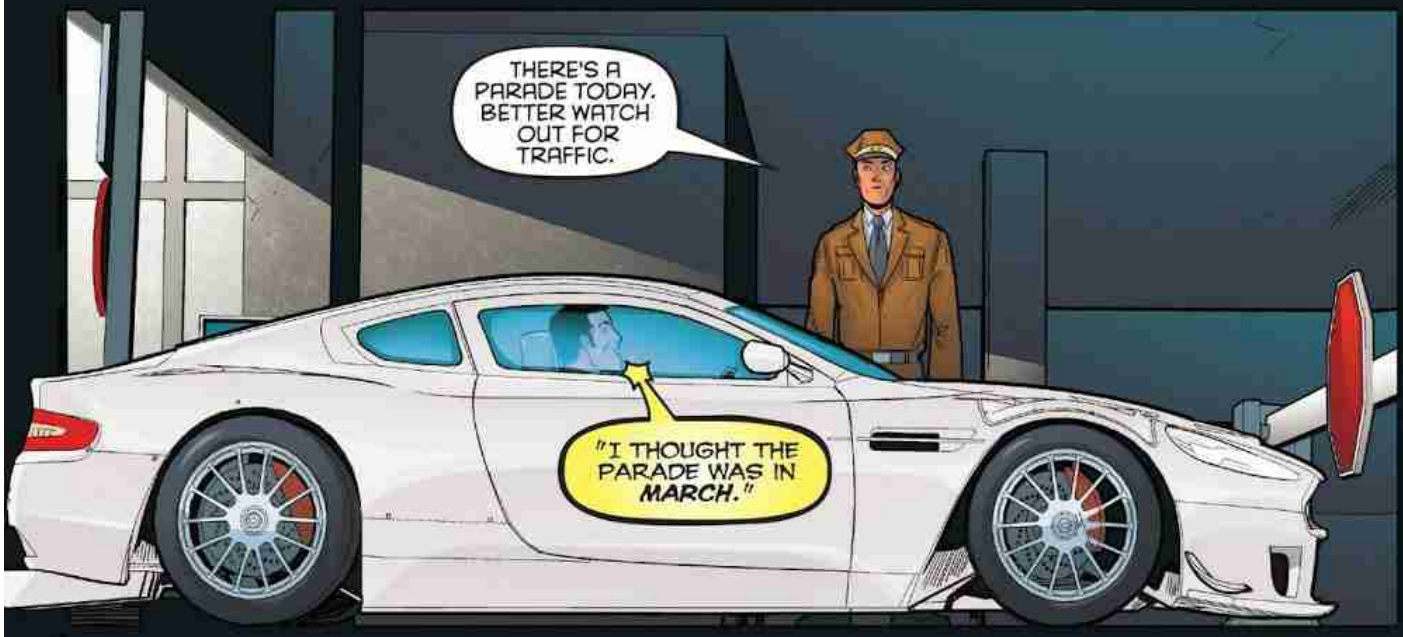
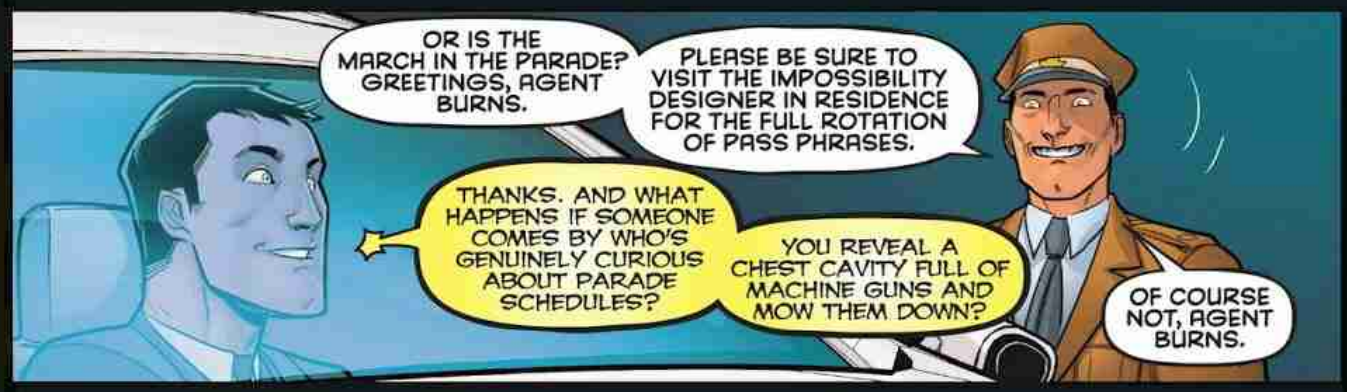

ANTARCTICA.
INTERDIMENSIONAL EXCAVATION SITE "PINNIPED."
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, DR. DIPSON?
WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY GRANDFATHER GAVE ME AN AX. EVENTUALLY, THE HEAD RUSTED, AND I REPLACED IT WITH A NEW ONE. I USED THIS AX FOR MANY MORE YEARS, UNTIL ONE DAY THE HANDLE SPLIT.
ONCE I REPLACED THE HANDLE, WAS IT STILL MY GRANDFATHER'S AX?
UM...
HOW CAN A RATIONAL CHOICE BE MADE BETWEEN TWO OUTCOMES OF EQUAL VALUE?
CAN GOD MAKE A STONE SO HEAVY, EVEN HE CANNOT LIFT IT?
IF A SLICE OF TOAST ALWAYS LANDS BUTTER SIDE DOWN, AND A CAT ALWAYS LANDS ON ITS FEET, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DROP A CAT WITH A SLICE OF BUTTERED BREAD TIED TO ITS BACK?
CAN YOU ASK A QUESTION WITHOUT AN ANSWER?
WELL--
NO!
OKAY.
WE JUST CAN'T FIND THE ANSWER HERE.
IT MUST EXIST SOMEWHERE.
DR. DIPSON! WE'RE ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH.
COLD
HotComic.net






OR IS THE MARCH IN THE PARADE? GREETINGS, AGENT BURNS.
PLEASE BE SURE TO VISIT THE IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE FOR THE FULL ROTATION OF PASS PHRASES.
THANKS. AND WHAT HAPPENS IF SOMEONE COMES BY WHO'S GENUINELY CURIOUS ABOUT PARADE SCHEDULES?
YOU REVEAL A CHEST CAVITY FULL OF MACHINE GUNS AND MOW THEM DOWN?
OF COURSE NOT, AGENT BURNS.

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YOU DIDN'T SECURE THE PORTAL FACILITY.
ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK. HI.
NO.
DO YOU APPRECIATE HOW PRECARIOUS IT IS TO RUN THE USDA'S RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY?
THUD

"RISK MANAGEMENT" ONCE MERELY MEANT "CROP INSURANCE," BUT THANKS TO LACK OF OVERSIGHT, A FORGOTTEN BUDGET AND EVER-ESCALATING THREATS TO THOSE "CROPS" OR "LIFE AS WE KNOW IT," WE OPERATE UNDER A VERY BROAD DEFINITION OF THAT PURVIEW.
IF WE HAD DEATH'S GATE ISLAND, I WOULD FINALLY HAVE THE LEVERAGE TO COME CLEAN UPSTAIRS WITHOUT FEAR OF SHUTDOWN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO BLEW UP THE ISLAND?
NO, BUT I'M GUESSING IT'S THE SAME PERSON WHO TURNED MY FRIEND INTO STONE.

I NEED TO MAKE SOME CALLS. FULL DEBRIEF LATER.
DAMMIT.
WHAT'S WITH HIM?
TURNING THAT WOMAN INTO STONE WAS A MESSAGE FROM SOMEONE HE'S VERY AFRAID OF.

A MESSAGE? CHRISTINA DIDN'T DESERVE THAT.
SINCE WHEN DO YOU CARE ABOUT ANYONE CAUGHT IN YOUR WAKE?
SHE HELPED ME WITH THAT NUTTY OLD GENERAL. SHE WAS DECENT.

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TALK TO YOU LATER, BURNS.
AND I DON'T THINK YOU NEED TO WEAR THE MASK.
NOT WHEN YOU'RE HERE.
HM.
GOTCHA!
WHAT THE STAB?!
SORRY FOR THE SURPRISE WITHDRAWAL, BURNS.
YOU CAN'T KEEP DODGING THE LAB WORK! THIS IS STANDARD PROCEDURE AND YOUR CONSTANT DODGING IS WORRYING.
WHAT?! NO! I DIDN'T-- I JUST--
RUN A FULL PANEL ON BURNS' BLOOD.
AFTER LUNCH BREAK IS OVER, OF COURSE.
YOU GOT IT. I'LL PUT IT IN THE LAB AND GET TO IT FIRST THING AFTER.
IT'S NOT JUST YOUR MEMORY HOLES, BURNS. WE NEED TO SEE HOW YOU HEALED FROM THAT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT SO QUICKLY. GET ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE DNA.
OH, GOOD.
WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. YOU COULD HAVE A META-HUMAN INFECTION. GOD FORBID, WHAT IF YOU WERE AN IMPERSONATOR, A SKRULL OR SOMETHING ELSE?
HA HA, WOULD IT BE THE WORST THING?
YES. YES, OF COURSE IT WOULD BE.
WE'D BURY THAT SKRULL SO DEEP, IT WOULDN'T BE FOUND UNTIL IT HAD TURNED INTO FOSSIL FUEL.
AAAAH...

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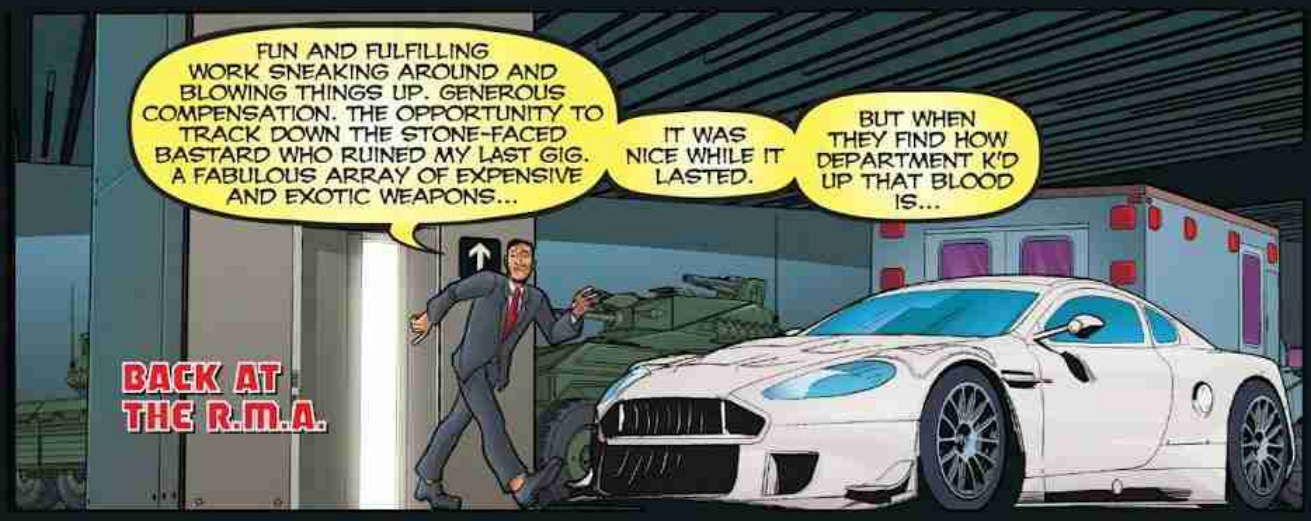
"WE'VE LONG ACCEPTED THE EXISTENCE OF A MULTIVERSE. THERE ARE COUNTLESS UNIVERSES THAT REPEAT THE BROAD STROKES OF THIS ONE, WITH COUNTLESS DIFFERENCES SMALL AND LARGE BETWEEN THEM.
INTERDIMENSIONAL EXCAVATION SITE. "PINNIPED."
"THESE PLANES ARE ALL VERY LOGICAL. YOU CAN BREATHE THE AIR ON EARTH NUMBER WHATEVER. YOU CAN EAT ITS APPLES. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT EARTH'S VERSION OF YOU MARRIES SOMEONE DIFFERENT THAN YOU DID. WHO CARES."
THERE ARE FAR MORE INTERESTING DIMENSIONS ALL AROUND US. DIMENSIONS THAT HAVE RULES THAT COULD BREAK OUR BRAINS.
AND HERE WE FOUND ONE, SEPARATED BY JUST A THIN MEMBRANE TO BRUSH AWAY. AND ON THE OTHER SIDE, THERE IS SOMETHING...
...VERY, VERY...
... BIG.
THIS IS JUST THE TIP OF IT.
WE CAN'T PULL IT TOO HARD. IF THE BARRIER TEARS--
BAM
BAM
BAM
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
HotComic.net


FUN AND FULFILLING WORK SNEAKING AROUND AND BLOWING THINGS UP. GENEROUS COMPENSATION. THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRACK DOWN THE STONE-FACED BASTARD WHO RUINED MY LAST GIG. A FABULOUS ARRAY OF EXPENSIVE AND EXOTIC WEAPONS...
IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED.
BUT WHEN THEY FIND HOW DEPARTMENT K'D UP THAT BLOOD IS...
BACK AT THE R.M.A.

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ON SECOND THOUGHT, I LIKE BEING JACE BURNS VERY MUCH AND I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP DOING IT.
LUNCH BREAK'S AN HOUR. PLENTY OF TIME TO SWITCH--
I HEARD THEY'RE OPENING A NEW BODEGA IN TOWN.
IT'S ME, JACE BURNS. I ALREADY DID THE CODE. ALSO, I HAVEN'T HEARD THIS ONE YET--
YOU EXITED THE GARAGE.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I HEARD THEY'RE OPENING A NEW BODEGA IN TOWN.
OH, UH--"I HOPE THEY DON'T GET A CAT THAT PEES ALL OVER THE PLACE"?
...
SOMETIMES WHEN A BODEGA HAS A CAT THE CAT PEES IN THERE AND IT SMELLS BAD.
INTRUDER ALERT!
INTRUDER ALERT!
AAH!

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IMP HERE. BURNS, IS THAT YOU IN THE GARAGE? WE'VE JUST GOTTEN AN INTRUDER ALERT.
NO! NO INTRUDERS! JUST ME AND SOME ROBOTS THAT ARE ON THE FRITZ!
SAY, I NEVER GOT THE NEW PASS PHRASES FROM YOU! DO YOU KNOW ONE ABOUT A BODEGA?
OH, IT WOULDN'T WORK NOW ANYWAY. I'LL COME DOWN TO RESET THEM.
THAT'S OKAY, NO NEED!
ARE YOU SURE? I WORRY IF THOSE GUARDS ARE ACTING UP, THEY MIGHT CAUSE AN INJURY TO SOMEONE.
AN INJURY? NO, THEY'RE JUST FALLING APART, THAT'S ALL!
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NO NEED TO LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER IT.
JACE, DID YOU JUST REMOVE ONE OF THE ROBOT'S HEADS? I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY WHEN YOU REMOVE SOMEONE'S HEAD.
AAAAAAARRGHHH!
MAYBE?
THEY'RE ATTACKING YOU! I KNEW IT! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO STUBBORN? STANDBY! I'LL BE DOWN MOMENTARILY.
I PROMISE YOU, THEY ARE VERY MUCH NOT ATTACKING ME. EVERYTHING IS FINE HERE.
HM. I'M NOT READING ANY ACTIVITY ON THEM NOW. I'LL TURN OFF THE ALARM.
THANK YOU--
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UH-OH.
"UH-OH"? WHAT "UH-OH"?
BURNS, I'M SENDING SOMEONE DOWN THERE. I HAVE A **VERY** SNEAKING SUSPICION YOU JUST DESTROYED SOME VALUABLE PROPERTY, AND I **WILL** MAKE SURE THE REPAIR FEES ARE DOCKED FROM YOUR NEXT PAY STUB!
AH... AH...

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POLYAK...
...WHAT IS THE SITUATION AT THE EXCAVATION SITE?
IT'S A MESS. DIPSON FOUND PROTOLITH. HE GOT A GRIP ON A TINY PIECE OF IT.
WE MADE HIM PANIC. HE STARTED TO PULL MORE OF IT OUT OF PARADOX SPACE, IT TORE OPEN A HOLE AND FROM WHAT I CAN TELL...
...HUMAN BRAINS AREN'T BUILT TO COMPREHEND WHATEVER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
I THINK HE AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO DIDN'T LOOK.
THEN PROTOLITH IS REAL.
IT'S REAL, DIPSON HAS IT AND HE'S GONE.
"BUT WHERE CAN HE GO? THIS IS ANTARCTICA."
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